(3)

# THE FAIR PENITENT;

## A TRAGEDY,

BY *NICHOLAS ROWE*, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK, BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,

BY MR. HOPKINS, PROMPTER;

AND PRINTED FROM

*BELL'S LAST CHARACTERISTICAL EDITION.*

---

*Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.*

VIRG. Æn. Lib. iv.

---

DUBLIN:

Printed and Sold by R. MARCHBANK, No. 11, Dame-street.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

TO HER GRACE THE

# DUCHESS

OF

# *ORMOND.*

MADAM,

THE privilege of poetry (or it may be the vanity of the pretenders to it) has given 'em a kind of right to pretend, at the ſame time to the favour of thoſe, whom their high birth and excellent qualities have placed in a very diſtinguiſhing manner above the reſt of the world. If this be not a received maxim, yet I am ſure I am to wiſh it were, that I may have at leaſt ſome kind of excuſe for laying this Tragedy at your Grace's feet. I have too much reaſon to fear that it may prove but an indifferent entertainment to your Grace, ſince, if I have any way ſucceeded in it, it has been in deſcribing thoſe violent paſſions which have been always ſtrangers to ſo happy a temper, and ſo noble and ſo exalted a virtue, as your Grace is miſtreſs of. Yet, for all this, I cannot but confeſs the vanity which I have, to hope that there

may be ſomething ſo moving in the misfortunes and diſtreſs of the play, as may be not altogether unworthy of your Grace's pity. This is one of the main deſigns of tragedy, and to excite this generous pity in the greateſt minds, may paſs for ſome kind of ſucceſs in this way of writing. I am ſenſible of the preſumption I am guilty of by this hope, and how much it is that I pretend to in your grace's approbation: If it be my good fortune to meet with any little ſhare of it, I ſhall always look upon it as much more to me, than the general applauſe of the Theatre, or even the praiſe of a good critic. Your Grace's name is the beſt protection this play can hope for, ſince the world, ill-natured as it is, agrees in an univerſal reſpect and deference for your Grace's perſon and character. In ſo cenſorious an age as this is, where malice furniſhes out all the public converſations, where every body pulls and is pull'd to pieces of courſe, and where there is hardly ſuch a thing as being merry, but at another's expence; yet by a public and uncommon juſtice to the Ducheſs of Ormond, her name has never been mentioned but as it ought, though ſhe has beauty enough to provoke detraction from the faireſt of her own ſex, and virtue enough to make the looſe and diſſolute of the other (a very formidable party) her enemies. Inſtead of this, they agree to ſay nothing of her but what ſhe deſerves. That her ſpirit is worthy of her birth; her ſweetneſs, of the love and

reſpect

reſpect of all the world; her piety, of her religion; her ſervice, of her royal miſtreſs; and her beauty and truth, of her lord; that, in ſhort, every part of her character is juſt, and that ſhe is the beſt reward for one of the greateſt heroes this age has produced. This, Madam, is what you muſt allow people every where to ſay; thoſe whom you ſhall leave behind you in England will have ſomething further to add, the loſs we ſhall ſuffer by your journey to Ireland; the Queen's pleaſure, and the impatient wiſhes of that nation, are about to deprive us of two of our public ornaments. But there is no arguing againſt reaſons ſo prevalent as theſe. Thoſe who ſhall lament your Grace's abſence will yet acquieſce in the wiſdom and juſtice of her Majeſty's choice: Among all whoſe royal favours none could be ſo agreeable, upon a thouſand accounts, to that people, as the Duke of Ormond. With what joy, what acclamations ſhall they meet a Governor, who, beſide their former obligations to his family, has ſo lately ventured his life and fortune for their preſervation? What duty, what ſubmiſſion ſhall they not pay to that authority which the Queen has delegated to a perſon ſo dear to 'em? And with what honour, what reſpect, ſhall they receive your Grace, when they look upon you as the nobleſt and beſt pattern her Majeſty could ſend 'em, of her own royal goodneſs and perſonal virtues? They

ſhall

ſhall behold your Grace with the ſame pleaſure the Engliſh ſhall take, whenever it ſhall be their good fortune to ſee you return again to your native country. In England, your Grace is become a public concern; and as your going away will be attended with a general ſorrow, ſo your return ſhall give as general a joy; and to none of thoſe many, more than to,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

N. ROWE.

# PROLOGUE.

*LONG has the fate of kings and empires been*
*The common bus'neſs of the tragic ſcene,*
*As if misfortune made the throne her ſeat,*
*And none could be unhappy but the great.*
*Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,*
*And many are the mighty monarch's cares:*
*By foreign foes, and home-bred factions preſt,*
*Few are the joys he knows, and ſhort his hours of reſt.*
*Stories like theſe with wonder we may hear;*
*But far remote, and in a higher ſphere,*
*We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can ſhare:*
*Like diſtant battles of the Pole and Swede,*
*Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,*
*Careleſs for who ſhould fail, or who ſucceed.*
*Therefore an humbler theme our author choſe,*
*A melancholy tale of private woes:*
*No princes here loſt royalty bemoan,*
*But you ſhall meet with ſorrows like your own;*
*Here ſee imperious love his vaſſals treat,*
*As hardly as ambition does the great;*
*See how ſucceeding paſſions rage by turns,*
*How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,*
*And how to death, for beauty loſt, he mourns.*
*Let no nice taſte the poet's arts arraign,*
*If ſome frail vicious characters he feign:*
*Who writes ſhould ſtill let nature be his care,*
*Mix ſhades with lights, and not paint all things fair,*
*But ſhew you men and women as they are.*
*With deference to the fair he bid me ſay,*
*Few to perfection ever found the way;*
*Many in many parts are known t'excel,*
*But 'twere too hard for one to act all well:*
*Whom juſtly life would through each ſcene commend,*
*The maid, the wife, the miſtreſs, and the friend:*
*This age, 'tis true, has one great inſtance ſeen,*
*And heav'n in juſtice made that one a Queen.*

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## MEN.

| | *Drury-Lane.* | *Covent-Garden.* |
|---|---|---|
| SCIOLTO, a nobleman of Genoa, father to Caliſta, | Mr. Aickin. | Mr. Barry. |
| ALTAMONT, a young Lord, in love with Caliſta, and deſigned her huſband by Sciolto, | Mr. Brereton. | Mr. Wroughton. |
| HORATIO, his friend, | Mr. Benſley. | Mr. Aickin. |
| LOTHARIO, a young Lord, and enemy to Altamont, | Mr. Reddiſh. | Mr. Lewis. |
| ROSSANO, his friend, | Mr. Whitefield. | Mr. Young. |

## WOMEN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CALISTA, daughter to Sciolto, | Mrs. Yates. | Mrs. Barry. |
| LAVINIA, ſiſter to Altamont, and wife to Horatio, | Miſs Sherry. | Mrs. Bulkley. |
| LUCILLA, confident to Caliſta, | Mrs. Johnſton. | Miſs Dayes. |

Servants to Sciolto.

SCENE, *Sciolto's Palace and Garden, with ſome part of the Street near it, in Genoa.*

# THE FAIR PENITENT.

*The Lines diſtinguiſhed by inverted Commas, ' thus,' are omitted in the Repreſentation.*

## ACT I.

SCENE, *A Garden belonging to* SCIOLTO's *Palace.*

*Enter* ALTAMONT *and* HORATIO.

*Alt.* LET this auſpicious day be ever ſacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chooſe it to bleſs their hopes, and crown their wiſhes,
This happy day, that gives me my Caliſta.

*Hor.* Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better ſtars
Are joiſ'd to ſhed their kindeſt influence on thee;
Sciolt 's noble hand that rais'd thee firſt,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty and reſtores thy name
To that high rank and luſtre which it boaſted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy godlike father's arms;
Before that country which he long had ſerv'd,
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had caſt off his white age to want and wretchedneſs,
And made their courts to faction by his ruin.

*Alt.* Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart ſprings up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vaſt, vaſt debt I owe thee——
Forget! (but 'tis impoſſible) then let me
Forget the uſe and privilege of reaſon,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the deſart among brutes,
'To bear the various fury of the ſeaſons,
'The night's unwholeſome dew and noon-day's heat,'
To be the ſcorn of earth and curſe of heav'n!

*Hor.* So open, ſo unbounded, was his goodneſs,
It reach'd ev'n me, becauſe I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle ſiſter to my arms,
His laſt dear pledge and legacy of friendſhip,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's ſon;
He call'd us his, and with a parent's fondneſs
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bleſs'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and ſweeten'd love itſelf.

*Alt.* By heav'n, he found my fortunes ſo abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raiſe 'em;
My father's bounty, and the ſtate's ingratitude,
Had ſtript him bare, nor left him e'en a grave.
Undone myſelf, and ſinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to ſuccour him,
But fruitleſs tears.

*Hor.* Yet what thou couldſt thou didſt,
And didſt it like a ſon; when his hard creditors,
Urg'd and aſſiſted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy houſe, and rival of their greatneſs)
By ſentence of the cruel law forbid
His venerable corps to reſt in earth,
Thou gav'ſt thyſelf a ranſom for his bones;
With piety uncommon, didſt give up
Thy hopeful youth to ſlaves who ne'er knew mercy,
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveneſs,
And are like fiends the factors of deſtruction.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bleſs thy filial virtue with abundance.

*Alt.*

*Alt.* But ſee he comes, the author of my happineſs,
The man who ſav'd my life from deadly ſorrow,
Who bids my days be bleſs'd with peace and plenty,
And ſatisfies my ſoul with love and beauty.

*Enter* SCIOLTO; *he runs to* Altamont, *and embraces him.*

*Sci.* Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myſelf!
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine,
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
And makes me father of a ſon like thee.
*Alt.* My father! Oh, let me unlade my breaſt,
Pour out the fulneſs of my ſoul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wondrous goodneſs ſtirs. But 'tis impoſſible,
And utterance all is vile; ſince I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.
' *Sci.* It is enough; I know thee, thou art honeſt;
' Goodneſs innate, and worth hereditary,
' Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
' Spring freſhly forth, and bloſſom in thy youth.
' *Alt.* Thus heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair creation,
' And then with wondrous joy beheld its beauty,
' Well pleaſed to ſee the excellence he gave.'
*Sci.* O noble youth! I ſwear ſince firſt I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of ſorrow when I ſaw thee
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I ſet thee down and ſeal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my ſon, ev'n near me as Caliſta.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine; [*Embraces* Hor.
All are my children, and ſhall ſhare my heart.
But wherefore waſte we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes ſummon thee to joy,
And with new pleaſures court thee as they paſs;
Thy waiting bride e'en chides thee for delaying,
And ſwears thou com'ſt not with a bridegroom's haſte.
*Alt.* Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Caliſta's breaſt,

The

The winds, with all their wings, would be too ſlow
To bear me to her feet. For, oh! my father,
Amidſt the ſtream of joy that bears me on,
Bleſs'd as I am, and honour'd in your friendſhip,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart,
*Sci.* What means my ſon?
*Alt.* When at your interceſſion,
Laſt night Caliſta yielded to my happineſs,
Juſt ere we parted, as I ſeal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's ſtatue on his tomb;
A riſing ſtorm of paſſion ſhook her breaſt,
Her eyes a piteous ſhow'r of tears let fall,
And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tend'reſt eloquence of love
I begg'd to be a ſharer in her grief:
But ſhe with looks averſe, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her ſorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to diſpoſe of.
*Sci.* Away! It is the cozenage of their ſex,
One of the common arts they practiſe on us;
To ſigh and weep, then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou haſt in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the ſubtleties of women;
The virgin bride, who ſwoons with deadly fear,
To ſee the end of all her wiſhes near,
When bluſhing from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night ſhe flies,
With equal fire to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a looſe ſhe loves. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Loth.* The father and the huſband!
*Roſ.* Let them paſs.
They ſaw us not.
*Loth.* I care not if they did,
Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gaul 'em with my triumph o'er Caliſta.
*Roſ.* You lov'd her once.

*Loth.* I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuſe me,
To make this honourable fool her huſband:
For which, if I forget him, may the ſhame
I mean to brand his name with, ſtick on mine.
*Roſ.* She, gentle ſoul, was kinder than her father.
*Loth.* She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
Till by long liſt'ning to the ſoothing tale,
At length her eaſy heart was wholly mine.
*Roſ.* I've heard you oft deſcribe her, haughty, inſolent,
And fierce with high diſdain; it moves my wonder,
That virtue thus defended, ſhou'd be yielded
A prey to looſe deſires.
*Loth.* Hear then, I'll tell thee:
Once in a lone and ſecret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And ſtars alone, ſhone conſcious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuſcan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I ſtole unheeded to her chamber.
*Roſ.* That minute ſure was lucky.
*Loth.* Oh, 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-ſick maid,
Looſe, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wiſhes:
Fierceneſs and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to reſt, and love alone was waking.
Within her riſing boſom all was calm,
As peaceful ſeas that know no ſtorms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I ſnatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing youthful ardour preſt her,
Till with ſhort ſighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happineſs;
Ev'n all the live-long night we paſt in bliſs,
In extaſies too fierce to laſt for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When fully ſated with the luſcious banquet,
I haſtily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was paſt, and ſigh alone.
*Roſ.* You ſaw her ſoon again?
*Loth.* Too ſoon I ſaw her:
For, oh! that meeting was not like the former:

I found

I found my heart no more beat high with tranſport,
No more I ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for enjoyment:
'Twas paſt, and reaſon took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakneſs fell before her throne.

*Roſ.* What of the lady?

*Loth.* With uneaſy fondneſs
She hung upon me, wept, and ſigh'd and ſwore
She was undone; talk'd of a prieſt, and marriage,
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Call'd every ſaint and bleſſed angel down,
To witneſs for her that ſhe was my wife.
I ſtarted at that name.

*Roſ.* What anſwer made you?

*Loth.* None; but pretending ſudden pain and illneſs,
Eſcap'd the perſecution: two nights ſince
By meſſage urg'd, and frequent importunity,
Again I ſaw her. Straight with tears and ſighs,
With ſwelling breaſts, with ſwooning, and diſtraction,
With all the ſubtleties and pow'rful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpoſe,
Again ſhe told the ſame dull nauſeous tale.
Unmov'd, I beg'd her ſpare th' ungrateful ſubject,
Since I reſolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flouriſh long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage-chain:
That I would ſtill retain her in my heart,
My ever-gentle miſtreſs and my friend;
But for thoſe other names of wife and huſband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.

*Roſ.* How bore ſhe this reply?

*Loth.* 'Ev'n as the earth,
'When (winds pent up, or heating fires beneath
'Shaking the maſs) ſhe labours with deſtruction.'
At firſt her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the ſtorm found way, 'twas wild and loud:
Mad as the prieſteſs of the Delphic god,
Enthuſiaſtic paſſion ſwell'd her breaſt,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffl'd all her form.
Proud, and diſdainful of the love I proffer'd,
She call'd me villain! monſter! baſe betrayer!
At laſt, in very bitterneſs of ſoul,
With deadly imprecations on herſelf,

She

She vow'd ſeverely ne'er to ſee me more;
Then bid me fly that minute: I obey'd,
And bowing, left her to grow cool at leiſure.
*Roſ.* She has relented ſince, elſe why this meſſage,
To meet the keeper of her ſecrets here
This morning?
*Loth.* See, the perſon whom you nam'd!

*Enter* LUCILLA.

Well, my ambaſſadreſs, what muſt we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your meſſage?
Is your fair miſtreſs calmer? does ſhe ſoften?
And muſt we love again? Perhaps ſhe means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her huſband party to th' agreement.
*Luc.* Is this well done, my Lord? have you put off
All ſenſe of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity to diſtinguiſh manhood,
Leſt other men, tho' cruel, ſhould diſclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.
*Loth.* I ſee thou'ſt learnt to rail.
*Luc.* I've learn'd to weep;
That leſſon my ſad miſtreſs often gives me:
By day ſhe ſeeks ſome melancholy ſhade,
To hide her ſorrows from the prying world;
At night ſhe watches all the long, long hours,
And liſtens to the winds and beating rain,
With ſighs as loud, and tears that fall as faſt.
Then ever and anon ſhe rings her hands,
And cries, falſe! falſe Lothario!
*Loth.* Oh, no more!
I ſwear thou'll ſpoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou haſt beauty that may make thy fortune;
Some keeping cardinal ſhall dote upon thee,
And barter his church treaſure for thy freſhneſs.
*Luc.* What! ſhall I ſell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The baſe, profeſt betrayer of our ſex!

Let

Let me grow old in all misfortunes elſe
Rather than know the ſorrows of Caliſta!

*Loth.* Does ſhe ſend thee to chide in her behalf?
I ſwear thou doſt it with ſo good a grace,
That I could almoſt love thee for thy frowning.

*Luc.* Read there, my Lord, there, in her own ſad lines, [*Giving a letter.*
Which beſt can tell the ſtory of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindneſs gives her.

[Lothario *reads.*]

*Your cruelty—obedience to my father—give my hand to Altamont.*

By heav'n! 'tis well! ſuch ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my ſoul hates.
[*Aſide.*

But to go on!

*——Wiſh——heart——honour——too faithleſs——weakneſs—to-morrow—laſt trouble—loſt Caliſta.*

Women, I ſee, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forſaken as I am,
That I ſhould bind my brows with mournful willow,
For ſhe has giv'n her hand to Altamont:
Yet tell the fair inconſtant——

*Luc.* How, my Lord!

*Loth.* Nay, no more angry words: ſay to Caliſta,
The humbleſt of her ſlaves ſhall wait her pleaſure;
If ſhe can leave her happy huſband's arms,
To think upon ſo loſt a thing as I am.

*Luc.* Alas! for pity come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And though you love her not, yet ſwear you do,
So ſhall diſſembling once be virtuous in you.

*Loth.* Ha! who comes here?

*Luc.* The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He muſt not ſee us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

*Loth.* Bear to my love
My kindeſt thoughts, and ſwear I will not fail her.
[Lothario *putting up the letter haſtily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſana *one way,* Lucilla *another.*

*Enter*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He ſeem'd conferring with Caliſta's woman:
At my approach they ſtarted, and retir'd.
What bus'neſs could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profeſt and deadly hate.——What paper's this?
[*Taking up the letter.*
Ha! To Lothario!—'ſdeath! Caliſta's name!
[*Opening it.*
Confuſion and misfortunes! [*Reads.*

" YOUR cruelty has at length determined me, and " I have reſolved this morning to yield a perfect obe- " dience to my father, and to give my hand to Alta- " mont, in ſpite of my weakneſs for the falſe Lothario. " I could almoſt wiſh I had that heart, and that honour " to beſtow with it, which you have robb'd me of:"

Damnation to the reſt——— [*Reads again.*

" But, oh! I fear cou'd I retrieve 'em; I ſhould again " be undone by the too faithleſs, yet too lovely Lo- " thario. This is the laſt weakneſs of my pen, and " to-morrow ſhall be the laſt in which I will indulge " my eyes. Lucilla ſhall conduct you, if you are " kind enough to let me ſee you: it ſhall be the laſt " trouble you ſhall meet with from

" The loſt CALISTA."

The loſt indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and ſulphur!
Hell is the ſole avenger of ſuch crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy father curſe his age:
At ſight of this black ſcrowl, the gentle Altamont
(For, oh! I know his heart is ſet upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his diſcontented head,
Like merit ſcorn'd by inſolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.——
Perhaps ev'n now he gazes fondly on her,

'And

'And thinking ſoul and body both alike,
'Bleſſes the perfect workmanſhip of heav'n;
'Then ſighing, to his ev'ry care ſpeaks peace,
'And bids his heart be ſatisfied with happineſs.
'Oh, wretched huſband! while ſhe hangs about thee
'With idle blandiſhments, and plays the fond one,
'Ev'n then her hot imagination wanders,
'Contriving riot and looſe 'ſcapes of love;
'And, while ſhe claſps thee cloſe, makes thee a monſter.'
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his juſtice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with ſorrow: hard return,
For all the good his hand has heap'd upon us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought—

*Enter* LAVINIA.

*Lav.* My Lord!
Truſt me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt ſome ſudden illneſs.
Where are you ſick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and eaſe my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Sooth you to reſt, and ſoften all your pains.
*Hor.* It were unjuſt—no, let me ſpare my friend,
Lock up the fatal ſecret in my breaſt,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.
*Lav.* What means my Lord?
*Hor.* Ha! ſaidſt thou, my Lavinia?
*Lav.* Alas! you know not what you make me ſuffer.
Why are you pale? Why did you ſtart and tremble?
Whence is that ſigh? And wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The ſick man thus,
Acknowledging the ſummons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confuſion thinks upon his exit.
*Hor.* Oh, no! thou haſt miſtook my ſickneſs quite;
Theſe pangs are of the ſoul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpeſt convulſions, ſpotted peſtilence,

Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

*Lav.* Alas! what is it? 'wherefore turn you from me?
'Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
'And swear I was Horatio's better half,
'Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
'And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
'Witness, ye holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
'There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
'Nothing so very hard but I could bear it,
'Much rather than my love should treat me coldly,
'And use me like a stranger to his heart.'

*Hor.* Seek not to know what I wou'd hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?
Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

*Lav.* It is enough, chide not; and all is well!
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I wo'not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

*Hor.* Oh, never, never, never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

*Lav.* False ones, my Lord!

*Hor.* Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles,
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;

For

For they are falſe, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the heav'n they hope for is variety:
One lover to another ſtill ſucceeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the laſt fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.

*Lav.* Can there be ſuch, and have they peace of mind?
Have they, in all the ſeries of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are ſuch things,
How was I form'd ſo different from my ſex!
My little heart is ſatisfy'd with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours ſome benighted princely ſtranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hoſpitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his gueſt,
And hardly keeps a corner for himſelf.

*Hor.* Oh, were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,
And all the buſ'neſs of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band ſhould be the pledge of peace,
And all domeſtic cares and quarrels ceaſe;
The world ſhou'd learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jeſt of fools.

[*Exeunt.*

---

# ACT II.

## SCENE, *A Hall.*

*Enter* CALISTA *and* LUCILLA.

*Cal.* BE dumb for ever, ſilent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love diſturb
My ſolemn ſadneſs with the ſound of joy.
If thou wilt ſoothe me, tell ſome diſmal tale,
Of pining diſcontent, and black deſpair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts.

But

But all are indignation, love, or ſhame,
And my dear peace of mind is loſt for ever.
*Luc.* Why do you follow ſtill that wand'ring fire,
That has miſled your weary ſteps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderneſs of woe,
That falſe Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
'Kind as the ſofteſt virgin of our ſex,
'And faithful as the ſimple village-ſwain,
'That never knew the courtly vice of changing,'
Sighs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.
*Cal.* Away! I think not of him. My ſad ſoul
Has form'd a diſmal melancholy ſcene,
Such a retreat as I wou'd wiſh to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome ſhade
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd, only dwell;
No ſound to break the ſilence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds; no mark
Of any human ſhape that had been there,
Unleſs a ſkeleton of ſome poor wretch,
Who had long ſince, like me, by love undone,
Sought that ſad place out, to deſpair and die in.
*Luc.* Alas, for pity!
*Cal.* There I fain would hide me
From the baſe world, from malice, and from ſhame;
For 'tis the ſolemn counſel of my ſoul
Never to live with public loſs of honour;
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the inſolence
Of each affected ſhe that tells my ſtory,
And bleſſes her good ſtars that ſhe is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! ſcorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! Oh, inſupportable!
*Luc.* Can you perceive the manifeſt deſtruction,
The gaping gulf that opens juſt before you,
And yet ruſh on, tho' conſcious of the danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!
By all the good I wiſh, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to ſee this faithleſs man again;
Let me forbid his coming.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* On thy life
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I muſt, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the criſis of my fate,
And this one interview ſhall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart, that ſwells with indignation,
Heaves to diſcharge the burthen; that once done,
The buſy thing ſhall reſt within its cell,
And never beat again.

*Luc.* Truſt not to that:
Rage is the ſhorteſt paſſion of our ſouls:
Like narrow brooks that riſe with ſudden ſhow'rs,
It ſwells in haſte, and falls again as ſoon;
Still as it ebbs the ſofter thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love ſupplies its place.

*Cal.* I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper
Againſt the ſmooth deluſion; but alas!
(Chide not my weakneſs, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's ſoftneſs hangs about me ſtill:
Then let me bluſh, and tell thee all my folly.
I ſwear I could not ſee the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and ſigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

'*Luc.* Ye ſacred powers, whoſe gracious providence
'Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
'From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flatteries;
'Still let me paſs neglected by their eyes,
'Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
'That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
'And fatal love may never be my bane.' [*Exit.*

*Cal.* Ha, Altamont! Caliſta, now be wary,
And guard thy ſoul's acceſſes with diſſembling:
Nor let this hoſtile huſband's eyes explore
The warring paſſions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reaſon.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Begone, my cares, I give ye to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
'Far from this ſacred æra of my love!

'A better

'A better order of ſucceeding days
'Come ſmiling forward, white and lucky all.'
Caliſta is the miſtreſs of the year;
She crowns the ſeaſons with auſpicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.
*Cal.* If I were ever miſtreſs of ſuch happineſs,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And waſting all on others, leave myſelf
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?
*Alt.* Oh, mighty Love! ſhall that fair face profane
This thy great feſtival with frowns and ſadneſs!
I ſwear it ſha' not be, for I will wooe thee
With ſighs ſo moving, with ſo warm a tranſport,
That thou ſhalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.
*Cal.* I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:
Ill-ſuited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some ſullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with ſuch extacy and tranſport,
To me brings nothing that ſhould make me bleſs it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the courſe of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.
*Alt.* If to behold thee as my pledge of happin[illegible]
To know none fair, none excellent but thee;
If ſtill to love thee with unweary'd conſtancy,
'Through ev'ry ſeaſon, ev'ry change of life,
'Thro' wrinkled age, thro' ſickneſs and misfortune,'
Be worth the leaſt return of grateful love,
Oh! then let my Caliſta bleſs this day,
And ſet it down for happy.
*Cal.* 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As ſuch, I will remember it for ever.

*Enter*

*Enter* SCIOLTO, HORATIO, *and* LAVINIA.

*Sci.* Let mirth go on, let pleaſure know no pauſe,
But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, ſacred to your loves;
The glorious ſun himſelf for you looks gay;
He ſhines for Altamont and for Caliſta.
Let there be muſic; let the maſter touch
The ſprightly ſtring, and ſoftly-breathing flute,
Till harmony rouze ev'ry gentle paſſion,
Teach the cold maid to loſe her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languiſh at her feet.
Begin: ev'n age itſelf is cheer'd with muſic;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back paſt joys, and warms us into tranſport.
[*Muſic.*

'SONG. *By Mr.* CONGREVE.

I.

'Ah, ſtay! ah, turn! ah, whither would you fly,
'Too charming, too relentleſs maid?
'I follow not to conquer, but to die;
'You of the fearful are afraid.

II.

'In vain I call; for ſhe, like fleeting air,
'When preſs'd by ſome tempeſtuous wind,
'Flies ſwifter from the voice of my deſpair,
'Nor caſts one pitying look behind.'

*Scio.* Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends;
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and ſwell the feaſt with mirth;
The ſprightly bowl ſhall cheerfully go round,
None ſhall be grave, nor too ſeverely wiſe;
Loſſes and diſappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's inſolence, and great man's ſcorn,
In wine ſhall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too ſoon to think, and to be wretched.

Oh,

Oh! grant, ye Pow'rs, that I may ſee theſe happy,
[*Pointing to* Altamont *and* Caliſta.
Completely bleſt, and I have life enough;
And leave the reſt indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*

*Hor.* What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and ſought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonneſs
Of his vain youth, to ſtain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to diſturb my friend.
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it muſt be true.
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the ſtarts of guilt
That ſhook her ſoul; tho' damn'd diſſimulation
Skreen'd her dark thoughts, and ſet to public view
A ſpecious face of innocence and beauty.
'Oh, falſe appearance! What is all our ſov'reignty,
'Our boaſted pow'r? when they oppoſe their arts,
'Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.'
With ſuch ſmooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The firſt fair ſhe beguil'd her eaſy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal ſnare;
Nor could believe that ſuch a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched race. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street, near* Sciolto's *Palace.*

*Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Loth.* To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loſs of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of diſquiet, were it not
My inſtrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait ſome opportunity
Of ſpeaking with the maid we ſaw this morning.
*Roſ.* I wiſh you, Sir, to think upon the danger
Of being ſeen; to-day their friends are round 'em;
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and ſafety to the hazard.
[*They confer aſide.*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Still I muſt doubt ſome myſtery of miſchief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I know him well; he was ſagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counſels,
But of a cold, unactive hand in war;
Yet, with theſe coward's virtues, he undid
My unſuſpecting, valiant, honeſt friend.
This ſon, if fame miſtakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he's here! [*Seeing him.*
*Loth.* Damnation! He again!—This ſecond time
To-day he has croſs'd me, like my evil genius.
*Hor.* I ſought you, Sir.
*Loth.* 'Tis well then I am found.
*Hor.* 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs my friend
To the earth's utmoſt verge I would purſue.
No place, tho' e'er ſo holy, ſhould protect him;
No ſhape that artful fear e'er form'd ſhould hide him,
Till he fair anſwer made, and did me juſtice.
*Loth.* Ha! doſt thou know me? that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boaſts of.
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I ſhould baſely hide me from his anger,
Leſt he ſhould chide me for his friend's diſpleaſure?
*Hor.* The brave, 'tis true, do never ſhun the light;
Juſt are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without diſguiſe they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.
*Loth.* Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a purpoſe
Which my ſoul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durſt do, have dar'd to juſtify.
*Hor.* Where was this open boldneſs, this free ſpirit,
When but this very morning I ſurpriz'd thee,
In baſe, diſhoneſt privacy, conſulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To ſell her lady's ſecrets, ſtain her honour,

And,

And, with a forg'd contrivance, blaſt her virtue?—
At ſight of me thou fled'ſt.

*Loth.* Ha! fled from thee?

*Hor.* Thou fled'ſt, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, deſcry'd in ſome dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with miſchievous intent,
To rob and ravage at the hour of reſt,
And do a midnight murder on the ſleepers.

*Loth.* Slave! villain!

[*Offers to draw,* Roſſano *holds him.*

*Roſ.* Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unſafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And ſhock the peaceful city with a broil.

*Loth.* Then, ſince thou doſt provoke my vengeance, know
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the ſea waſts to our Ligurian ſhore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, ſhould be as public
As is the noon-day ſun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'ſt thou I meant the ſhame ſhould be conceal'd?
Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was ſome fit meſſenger to bear the news
To the dull doating huſband: now I have found him,
And thou art he.

*Hor.* I hold thee baſe enough
To break thro' law, and ſpurn at ſacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Caliſta
Too nice, too noble, and too great of ſoul,
To be the prey of ſuch a thing as thou art.
'Twas baſe and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a ſcroll ſo villainous and looſe,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
Theſe are the mean, diſhoneſt arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
Who, bred at home in idleneſs and riot,
Ranſack for miſtreſſes th' unwholeſome ſtews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

*Loth.* Think'ſt thou I forg'd the letter? Think ſo ſtill,
Till the broad ſhame come ſtaring in thy face,
And boys ſhall hoot the cuckold as he paſſes.
*Hor.* Away! no woman could deſcend ſo low:
A ſkipping, dancing worthleſs tribe you are;
Fit only for yourſelves, you herd together;
And when the circling glaſs warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never ſaw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
'Legends of ſaints, who never yet had being,
'Or being, ne'er were ſaints, are not ſo falſe
'As the fond tales which you recount of love.'
*Loth.* But that I do not hold it worth my leiſure,
I could produce ſuch damning proof——'
*Hor.* 'Tis falſe!
You blaſt the fair with lies, becauſe they ſcorn you,
Hate you like age, like uglineſs and impotence:
Rather than make you bleſt, they wou'd die virgins,
And ſtop the propagation of mankind.
*Loth.* It is the curſe of fools to be ſecure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'ſt it.
*Hor.* Hold, Sir; another word, and then farewel.
Tho' I think greatly of Caliſta's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
Yet, as ſhe ſhares the honour of my Altamont,
That treaſure of a ſoldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I muſt not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to reſtrain the licence of your ſpeech;
'Tis held you are too laviſh. When you are met
Among your ſet of fools, talk of your dreſs,
Of dice, of whores, of horſes, and yourſelves;
'Tis ſafer, and becomes your underſtandings.
*Loth.* What if we paſs beyond this ſolemn order,
And, in defiance of the ſtern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter looſe,
And uſe his ſacred friendſhip for our mirth?
*Hor.* 'Tis well, Sir, you are pleaſant——
*Loth.* By the joys
Which my ſoul yet has uncontrol'd purſu'd,

I would

I would not turn aſide from my leaſt pleaſure,
Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the ſweets and taſte the choiceſt fruits,
Yet ſcorn to aſk the lordly owner's leave.

*Hor.* What liberty has vain preſumptuous youth,
That thou ſhould'ſt dare provoke me unchaſtis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, ſhun my walks.
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a puniſhment,
Such as great ſouls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from thoſe who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;
Or ſomething worſe: an injur'd huſband's vengeance
Shall print a thouſand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And ſcatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n.

*Loth.* Is then my way in Genoa preſcrib'd
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

*Hor.* Away! thy ſpeech is fouler than thy manners.

*Loth.* Or, if there be a name more vile, his paraſite;
A beggar's paraſite.

*Hor.* Now learn humanity,
[*Offers to ſtrike him,* Roſſano *interpoſes.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

*Loth.* Damnation! [*They draw.*

*Roſ.* Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already ſee
The crowd are gath'ring to us.

*Loth.* Oh, Roſſano!
Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

*Roſ.* Sciolto's ſervants too have ta'en the alarm;
You'll be oppreſs'd by numbers. Be adviſ'd,
Or I muſt force you hence. Take't on my word,
You ſhall have juſtice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.

*Loth.* This wo'not brook delay;
Weſt of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy ſingle hand to mine.

*Hor.* I'll meet thee there.

*Loth.*

*Loth.* To-morrow, oh, my better ſtars! to-morrow
Exert your influence; ſhine ſtrongly for me;
'Tis not a common conqueſt I would gain,
Since love, as well as arms, muſt grace my triumph.
[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano.

*Hor.* Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He ſees Caliſta! Oh, unthinking fool——
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any ſpark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breaſt, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Cou'd I but proſper there, I wou'd not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaſter.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye truſt,
Did you but think how ſeldom fools are juſt,
So many of your ſex wou'd not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithleſs men, complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of ſenſe betray'd?
Convinc'd by reaſon, they your pow'r confeſs,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bleſs,
And, conſcious of your worth, can never love you leſs.
[*Exit.*

---

## ACT III.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Sciolto's *Palace.*

*Enter* SCIOLTO *and* CALISTA.

*Sci.* NOW, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverſe and ſullen all this day of joy?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, diſpleaſure, and repining anguiſh,
Sat on thy brow; 'like ſome malignant planet,
'Foe to the harveſt, and the healthy year,
'Who ſcouls adverſe, and lours upon the world;'
'When all the other ſtars, with gentle aſpect,
'Propitious ſhine, and meaning good to man.'

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Is then the taſk of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter giv'n her hand to Altamont,
Yielding the native freedom of her will
To an imperious huſband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's ſtern command?
*Sci.* Doſt thou complain?
*Cal.* For pity do not frown then,
If in deſpite of all my vow'd obedience,
A ſigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance;
For, oh! that ſorrow which has drawn your anger,
Is the ſad native of Caliſta's breaſt:
'And once poſſeſs'd, will never quit its dwelling,
'Till life, the prop of all, ſhall leave the building,
'To tumble down, and moulder into ruin.'
*Sci.* Now by the ſacred duſt of that dear ſaint,
That was thy mother; 'by her wondrous goodneſs,
'Her ſoft, her tender, moſt complying ſweetneſs,'
I ſwear, ſome ſullen thought that ſhuns the light,
Lurks underneath that ſadneſs in thy viſage.
But mark me well, though by yon Heav'n I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet ſhould'ſt thou (which the pow'rs above forbid)
E'er ſtain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll caſt thee off, as one whoſe impious hands
Had rent aſunder nature's neareſt ties,
Which once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy huſband;
Conſider well his worth; reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art ſo. [*Exit.*
*Cal.* How hard is the condition of our ſex,
Thro' ev'ry ſtate of life the ſlaves of man!
In all the dear delightful days of youth,
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleaſure with a ſcanty hand.
To his, the tyrant huſband's reign ſucceeds;
Proud with opinion of ſuperior reaſon,
He holds domeſtic buſ'neſs and devotion
All we are capable to know, and ſhuts us,
Like cloiſter'd idiots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high ſouls, but to aſſert ourſelves,

Shake

Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loſs.
Teach me, ſome pow'r, that happy art of ſpeech,
To dreſs my purpoſe up in gracious words;
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her ſoul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous paſſions.
By Heav'n ſhe weeps!——Forgive me, fair Caliſta,
If I preſume on privilege of friendſhip,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench thoſe eyes in tears.

*Cal.* To ſteal, unlook'd-for, on my private ſorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the ſpy.

*Hor.* Unkindly ſaid!
For, oh! as ſure as you accuſe me falſely,
I come to prove myſelf Caliſta's friend.

*Cal.* You are my huſband's friend, the friend of Altamont!

*Hor.* Are you not one? Are you not join'd by Heav'n,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mix'd like ſtreams of meeting rivers,
Whoſe blended waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
But roll into the ſea, one common flood?
Then who can give his friendſhip but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Caliſta's?

*Cal.* Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will ſtill look back to their own choice.
'So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
'Stands on the ſhore, and ſends his wiſhes back
'To the dear native land from whence he came.'

*Hor.* When ſouls that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
To have one common object for their wiſhes,
Look different ways, regardleſs of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedneſs enſues:
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial bed,
The night ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day ſhall be a day of cares.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Then all the boaſted office of thy friendſhip,
Was but to tell Caliſta what a wretch ſhe is.
Alas! what needeth that?
*Hor.* Oh! rather ſay,
I came to tell her how ſhe might be happy;
To ſooth the ſecret anguiſh of her ſoul;
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her ſteps to know the paths of peace.
*Cal.* Say thou, to whom this paradiſe is known,
Where lies the bliſsful region? Mark my way to it,
For, oh! 'tis ſure, I long to be at reſt.
*Hor.* Then——to be good is to be happy—angels
Are happier than mankind, becauſe they're better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings. The bleſt know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodneſs.
*Cal.* And what bold paraſite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Caliſta's name with guilt?
*Hor.* None ſhould; but 'tis a buſy, talking world,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.
*Cal.* What myſtic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'ſt ſeem unwilling to expreſs,
As if it meant diſhonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous ſhuffling phraſe,
And let thy oracle be underſtood.
*Hor.* Lothario!
*Cal.* Ha! what would'ſt thou mean by him?
*Hor.* Lothario and Caliſta!—Thus they join
Two names, which Heav'n decreed ſhould never meet.
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A ſhameful tale to tell, for public ſport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a falſe fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When ſhe had giv'n her honour to a wretch.
*Cal.* Death and confuſion! Have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly inſolence!
To be the ſport of a looſe ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vileſt creature,
That ever was a ſlave to vice and infamy.

*Hor.* By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
For, on my ſoul, nothing but ſtrong neceſſity
Cou'd urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with ſtrong reluctance, as if death
Had ſtood acroſs my way, to ſave your honour,
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To ſave his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

*Cal.* Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this the tale-bearing, officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous huſband,
That fills his eaſy ears with monſtrous tales,
And makes him toſs, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceleſs wife,
Who guiltleſs dies, becauſe her fool ran mad?

*Hor.* Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame
Or peace be worth your care, you muſt be calm,
And liſten to the means are left to ſave 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius ſpeaks, by me it warns you,
Never to ſee that curſt Lothario more;
Unleſs you mean to be deſpis'd, be ſhunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unleſs you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diſeaſes, proſtitution———

*Cal.* Diſhonour blaſt thee, baſe, unmanner'd ſlave!
That dar'ſt forget my birth and ſacred ſex,
And ſhock me with the rude, unhallow'd ſound!

*Hor.* Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heav'n
Breathe out a ſolemn vow, never to ſee,
Nor think, if poſſible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I ſwear,
This paper; nay, you muſt not fly—This paper,
[*Holding her.*
Th's guilty paper ſhall divulge your ſhame———

*Cal.* What mean'ſt thou by that paper? what contrivance
Haſt thou been forging to deceive my father;
To turn his heart againſt his wretched daughter,

That

That Altamont and thou may ſhare his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakneſs of my ſex.——Oh, for a ſword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the ſcroll!

*Hor.* Behold! can this be forg'd?
See where Caliſta's name———

[*Shewing the letter near.*

*Cal.* To atoms thus, [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile, deteſted falſehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of ſhame.

*Hor.* Confuſion!

*Cal.* Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myſelf the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear ſo inſolent a monitor.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleaſure of my eyes,
'The wiſh, and care, and buſ'neſs of my youth?
'Oh, let me find her, ſnatch her to my breaſt,
'And tell her ſhe delays my bliſs too long,
'Till my ſoft ſoul ev'n ſickens with deſire.'
Diſorder'd!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Caliſta, who has done thee wrong,
That my ſwift ſword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample juſtice.

*Cal.* Turn to him.

*Alt.* Horatio!

*Cal.* To that inſolent.

*Alt.* My friend!
Could he do this? He, who was half myſelf?
'One faith has ever bound us, and one reaſon
'Guided our wills. Have I not found him juſt,
'Honeſt as truth itſelf? And' cou'd he break
The ſanctity of friendſhip? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Caliſta?

*Cal.*

*Cal.* I thought what juſtice I ſhould find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, liſten to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that wou'd blaſt my fame,
And treat me like a common proſtitute.
Thou art perhaps confederate in his miſchief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

*Alt.* Oh, impious! What preſumptuous wretch ſhall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Prieſthood, nor age, nor cowardice itſelf,
Shall ſave him from the fury of my vengeance.

*Cal.* The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.
But mark me well; while thy divided heart,
Doats on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force ſhall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than ſhut me in a cloiſter: there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardſhips will I learn to bear,
To faſt and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, ſpeechleſs ſaints to dwell;
But bleſs the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant, man. [*Exit.*

*Alt.* She's gone; and as ſhe went, ten thouſand fires
Shot from her angry eyes; as if ſhe meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow ſhe made.
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confuſion in thy looks;
As if thou wert at variance with thyſelf,
Madneſs and reaſon combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which ſhou'd get the better?

*Hor.* I wou'd be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwiſe decreed it. Thou haſt ſeen
That idol of thy ſoul, that fair Caliſta;
Thou haſt beheld her tears.

*Alt.* I have ſeen her weep;
I have ſeen that lovely one, that dear Caliſta,
Complaining, in the bitterneſs of ſorrow,
That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou haſt wrong'd her.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes been fed
From that rich ſtream which warm'd her heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for ſhe has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

*Alt.* Doſt thou join ruin with Caliſta's name?
What is ſo fair, ſo exquiſitely good?
Is ſhe not more than painting can expreſs,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
'Does ſhe not come, like wiſdom, or good fortune,
'Replete with bleſſings, giving wealth and honour?
'The dowry which ſhe brings is peace and pleaſure,
'And everlaſting joys are in her arms.'

*Hor.* It had been better thou hadſt liv'd a beggar,
And fed on ſcraps at great men's ſurly doors,
Than to have match'd with one ſo falſe, ſo fatal.—

*Alt.* It is too much for friendſhip to allow thee.
Becauſe I tamely bore the wrong thou didſt her,
Thou doſt avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.

*Hor.* I ſee ſhe has got poſſeſſion of thy heart,
She has charm'd thee, like a ſiren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting ſounds:
Too late the rocks and quickſands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithleſs ſhore,
Then vainly wiſh thou hadſt not leſt thy friend,
To follow her deluſion.

*Alt.* If thy friendſhip
Does churliſhly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I diſclaim it.

*Hor.* Can'ſt thou ſo ſoon forget what I have been to thee?
I ſhar'd the taſk of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flouriſh'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus, for a woman, and a vile one, too?

*Alt.*

*Alt.* Thou can'ſt not, dar'ſt not mean it! Speak again,
Say, who is vile? but dare not name Caliſta.
*Hor.* I had not ſpoke at firſt, unleſs compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myſelf; but ſince thus urg'd,
I muſt avow, I do not know a viler.
*Alt.* Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;
'A venerable mark of him
'Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.'
I cannot, dare not lift my ſword againſt thee,
But henceforth never let me ſee thee more. [*Going out.*
*Hor.* I love thee ſtill, ungrateful as thou art,
And muſt and will preſerve thee from diſhonour,
Ev'n in deſpite of thee. [*Holds him.*
*Alt.* Let go my arm.
*Hor.* If honour be thy care, if thou would'ſt live
Without the name of credulous, wittol huſband,
Avoid thy bride, ſhun her deteſted bed,
The joys it yields are daſh'd with poiſon——
*Alt.* Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.
*Hor.* She is polluted, ſtain'd—
*Alt.* Madneſs and raging!
But hence—
*Hor.* Diſhonour'd by the man you hate——
*Alt.* I prythee looſe me yet, for thy own ſake,
If life be worth thy keeping——
*Hor.* By Lothario.
*Alt.* Perdition take thee, villain, for the falſehood!
[*Strikes him.*
Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.
*Hor.* A blow! Thou haſt us'd me well——[*Draws.*
*Alt.* This to thy heart——
*Hor.* Yet hold——By Heav'n his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderneſs,
And I cou'd rather die myſelf than hurt him.
*Alt.* Defend thyſelf; for by my much-wrong'd love,
I ſwear, the poor evaſion ſhall not ſave thee.
*Hor.* Yet hold—'thou know'ſt I dare—Think how we've liv'd——
[*They fight*; Altamont *preſſes on* Horatio, *who retires.*
'Nay

'Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,
'Thus nature bids me guard the life ſhe gave.
'[*They fight.*'

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their ſwords.*

*Lav.* My brother, my Horatio! Is it poſſible?
Oh, turn your cruel ſwords upon Lavinia.
If you muſt quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart ſhall give you all her ſtore,
To ſave thoſe dearer ſtreams that flow from yours.
*Alt.* 'Tis well thou haſt found a ſafeguard; none but this,
No pow'r on earth, cou'd ſave thee from my fury.
'*Lav.* O fatal, deadly ſound!'
*Hor.* Safety from thee!
Away, vain boy! Haſt thou forgot the rev'rence
Due to my arm, thy firſt, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And ſhew'd thee what it was to be a man?
*Lav.* What buſy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodneſs,
Could kindle ſuch a diſcord? 'Oh, lay by
'Thoſe moſt ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
'Unleſs you mean my griefs and killing fears
'Should ſtretch me out at your relentleſs feet,
'A wretched corſe, the victim of your fury.'
*Hor.* Aſk'ſt thou what made us foes? 'Twas baſe ingratitude;
'Twas ſuch a ſin to friendſhip, as Heav'n's mercy,
That ſtrives with man's untoward, monſtrous wickedneſs,
Unwearied with forgiving, ſcarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barb'rous bloody malice, ſought my life.
*Alt.* Thou art my ſiſter, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;
Therefore, thy huſband's life is ſafe: but warn him,
No more to know this hoſpitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.

We

We muſt not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewel.

[*He is going*, Lavinia *holds him.*

*Lav.* Stay, Altamont, my brother, ſtay; 'if ever
'Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
'The kind conſent of our agreeing minds,
'Have made us dear to one another, ſtay,
'And ſpeak one gentle word to your Horatio.
'Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
'To call you friend, then preſs your hand, with all
'The tender, ſpeechleſs joy of reconcilement.'

*Alt.* It cannot, ſha'not be——you muſt not hold me.

*Lav.* Look kindly, then.

*Alt.* Each minute that I ſtay,
Is a new injury to fair Caliſta.
From thy falſe friendſhip, to her arms I'll fly;
'There, if in any pauſe of love I reſt,
'Breathleſs with bliſs, upon her panting breaſt,
'In broken, melting accents, I will ſwear,
'Henceforth to truſt my heart with none but her;'
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithleſs friend.

[Altamont *breaks from* Lavinia, *and exit.*

*Hor.* Oh, raiſe thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
This wondrous waſte of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

*Lav.* Is there no cauſe for weeping? Oh, Horatio!
A brother and a huſband were my treaſure,
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Sav'd from the ſhipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is loſt already. If thou leav'ſt me;
If thou ſhould'ſt prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
Whom ſhall I find to pity my diſtreſs,
To have compaſſion on a helpleſs wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?

*Hor.* Why doſt thou wound me with thy ſoft complainings?
Tho' Altamont be falſe, and uſe me hardly,
Yet think not I impute *his* crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forſaken; for I'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happineſs.

'Heav'n

'Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of goodneſs,
'And made thee all my portion here on earth:
'It gave thee to me, as a large amends
'For fortune, friends, and all the world beſide.'

*Lav.* Then you will love me ſtill, cheriſh me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your boſom.
'Here end my cares, nor will I loſe one thought,
'How we ſhall live, or purchaſe food and raiment.
'The holy pow'r, who cloaths the ſenſeleſs earth,
'With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs and verdant graſs,
'Whoſe bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
'Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.'

*Hor.* From Genoa, from falſhood and inconſtancy,
To ſome more honeſt, diſtant clime we'll go.
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For ought but thee, the partner of my flight.

'*Lav.* Yes, I will follow thee; forſake, for thee,
'My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
'Tho' mine's a little all; yet were it more,
'And better far, it ſhou'd be left for thee,
'And all that I wou'd keep, ſhou'd be Horatio.
'So, when a merchant ſees his veſſel loſt,
'Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coaſt,
'Gladly, for life, the treaſure he would give;
'And only wiſhes to eſcape, and live:
'Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind;
'But, driving o'er the billows, with the wind,
'Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the reſt behind.'

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

# ACT IV.

## SCENE, *a Garden.*

'*Enter* ALTAMONT.

'*Alt.* WITH what unequal tempers are we form'd?
'One day, the ſoul, ſupine with eaſe and fulneſs,
'Revels ſecure, and fondly tells herſelf,
'The hour of evil can return no more;
'The next, the ſpirits, pall'd and ſick of riot,
'Turn all to diſcord, and we hate our beings,
'Curſe the paſt joy, and think it folly all,
'And bitterneſs, and anguiſh. Oh! laſt night!
'What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
'For all the maſs of friendſhip which I ſquander'd?
'Coldneſs, averſion, tears, and ſullen ſorrow,
'Daſh'd all my bliſs, and damp'd my bridal bed.
'Soon as the morning dawn'd, ſhe vaniſh'd from me,
'Relentleſs to the gentle call of love.
'I've loſt a friend, and I have gain'd—a wife!
'Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
'Some unfrequented ſhade; there lay me down,
'And let forgetful dulneſs ſteal upon me,
'To ſoften and aſſuage this pain of thinking. [*Exit.*'

LOTHARIO *and* CALISTA *diſcovered.*

*Loth.* Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of diſcord, or diſquiet paſt, moleſt thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the preſent hour in bliſs.
*Cal.* Seek not to ſoothe me with thy falſe endearments,
To charm me with thy ſoftneſs: 'tis in vain:
Thou can'ſt no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,

Are

Are waſted all, and fled; thoſe that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguiſh, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the ſorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou haſt undone me.

*Loth.* Unjuſt Caliſta! doſt thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languiſh,
To wiſh for ſomewhat exquiſitely happy,
And then be bleſt ev'n to that wiſh's height?
To die with joy, and ſtraight to live again;
Speechleſs to gaze, and with tumultuous tranſport—

*Cal.* Oh, let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
'Let not the voice of mirth or muſic know it;
'Let it be dark and deſolate; no ſtars
'To glitter o'er it; let it wiſh for light,
'Yet want it ſtill, and vainly wait the dawn;'
For 'twas the night that gave me up to ſhame,
To ſorrow, to the falſe Lothario.

*Loth.* Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me falſe, ev'n ſhe, the faithleſs ſhe,
Whom day and night, whom Heav'n and earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly proteſt,
Ten thouſand times, ſhe would be only mine;
And yet, behold, ſhe has giv'n herſelf away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom moſt I hate on earth.——

*Cal.* Art thou ſo baſe to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cauſe?
If indignation raging in my ſoul,
For thy unmanly inſolence and ſcorn,
Urg'd me to do a deed of deſperation,
And wound myſelf to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I ſhould devote to death and hell,
Whom curſe as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadſt thou been juſt, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and prayers of ſighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forſake thee.

*Loth.*

*Loth.* How have I fail'd in juſtice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at firſt?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languiſh for thee,
My tranſports are as fierce, as ſtrong my wiſhes,
As if thou ne'er hadſt bleſt me with thy beauty.

*Cal.* How didſt thou dare to think that I would live
A ſlave to baſe deſires, and brutal pleaſures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leiſure,
To toy, and waſte an hour of idle time with?
My ſoul diſdains thee for ſo mean a thought.

*Loth.* The driving ſtorm of paſſion will have way,
And I muſt yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou haſt doom'd,
Has yet a thouſand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

*Enter behind them* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* 'I have loſt my peace'—Ha! do I live and wake?

*Cal.* Hadſt thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou, hadſt been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happineſs with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curſt;
For thee my ſecret ſoul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to anſwer for my virtue ſtain'd,
My honour loſt to thee: for thee it haunts me;
With ſtern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me;
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs——

*Alt.* Behold him here—— [*Coming forward.*

*Cal.* Ah! [*Starting.*

*Alt.* The wretch! whom thou haſt made.
Curſes and ſorrows haſt thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left. [*Drawing.*

*Loth.* Thou haſt ta'en me ſomewhat unawares, 'tis true:
But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation ſerves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.
We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair Caliſta judge the combat!

*Cal.* Diſtraction! fury! ſorrow! ſhame! and death!

*Alt.*

'*Alt.* Thou haſt talk'd too much, thy breath is poiſon to me;
'It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
'This for Sciolto, and this laſt for Altamont.'

[*They fight*; Lothario *is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

*Loth.* Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the ſtronger!
Thou haſt prevailed!—My fierce ambitious ſoul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage ſwell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.
Thoſe joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That ſweet revenge comes ſmiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [*Dies.*

*Cal.* And what remains for me, beſet with ſhame,
Encompaſs'd round with wretchedneſs? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'ſcape.

[*She catches up* Lothario's *ſword, and offers to kill herſelf*; Altamont *runs to her, and wreſts it from her.*

*Alt.* What means thy frantic rage!

*Cal.* Off! let me go.

*Alt.* Oh! thou haſt more than murder'd me; yet ſtill,
Still art thou here! and my ſoul ſtarts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

*Cal.* Think'ſt thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
Oh, thou haſt known but little of Caliſta!
If thou hadſt never heard my ſhame, if only
The midnight moon and ſilent ſtars had ſeen it,
I wou'd not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

*Sciolto within.*] What, ho! my ſon!

'*Alt.* It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me;
'The wretched'ſt thing of all my kind on earth.'

*Cal.* Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madneſs! confuſion! let the ſtorm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all on me;
Daſh my devoted bark, ye ſurges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempeſt riſes.
When I am loſt, ſunk to the bottom low,
Peace ſhall return, and all be calm again.

*Enter*

*Enter* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* Ev'n now Roſſano leap'd the garden wall—
Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Laſt night thou hadſt a diff'rence with thy friend,
The cauſe thou gav'ſt me for it was a damn'd one.
Didſt thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Anſwer me quick——

*Alt.* Oh! preſs me not to ſpeak;
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
And gueſs my ſhame! my ruin! Oh, Caliſta!

*Sci.* It is enough! but I am ſlow to execute,
And juſtice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe diſhonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou ſtain to goodneſs—
[*Offers to kill* Caliſta, Altamont *holds him.*

*Alt.* Stay thee, Sciolto, thou raſh father, ſtay,
Or turn the point on me, and through my breaſt
Cut out the bloody paſſage to Caliſta;
So ſhall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wiſh'd to live.

*Cal.* No, Altamont; my heart, that ſcorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I ſeem,
Still I have ſomething of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy juſtice;
Strike home, and I will bleſs thee for the blow:
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis ſharp, 'tis terrible, and I cou'd curſe
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

*Alt.* Liſten not to the wildneſs of her raving;
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, ſo juſt, ſo great in arms,
Her blood wou'd reſt upon thee to poſterity,
Pollute thy name, and ſully all thy wars.

*Cal.* Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my life!
Loſt as thou art to virtue, oh, Caliſta!

I think

I think thou canſt not bear to be outdone;
Then haſte to die, and be oblig'd no more.
*Sci.* Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And ſav'd me from a crime; then reſt, my ſword;
To honour have I kept thee ever ſacred,
Nor will I ſtain thee with a raſh revenge.
But, mark me well, I will have juſtice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpuniſh'd:
I will ſee juſtice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a Roman ſtrictneſs, and thou, nature,
Or whatſoe'er thou art that plead'ſt within me,
Be ſtill; thy tender ſtrugglings are in vain.
*Cal.* Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your triumph?
To groan beneath your ſcorn and fierce upbraiding,
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my miſery
At morn, at noon, at night told over to me,
'Leſt my remembrance might grow pitiful,
'And grant a moment's interval of peace;'
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.
*Sci.* Hence, from my ſight! thy father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy infamy to ſome dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguiſh dwell;
Where, ugly ſhame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell deteſted rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wiſh thy name may be no more remember'd.
*Cal.* Yes, I will fly to ſome ſuch diſmal place,
And be more curſt than you can wiſh I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Faſting, and tears, and hardſhips ſhall deſtroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then, when you ſee me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean ſhall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and ſighing ſay,
At length her tears have waſh'd her ſtains away;

At length 'tis time her puniſhment ſhould ceaſe;
Die, thou poor ſuff'ring wretch, and be at peace. [*Exit.*

*Sci.* Who of my ſervants wait there?

*Enter two or three Servants.*

Raiſe that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Paſs out or enter, but by my appointment.
[*Exeunt Servants, with* Lothario's *body.*

*Alt.* There is a fatal fury in your viſage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces deſtruction.
'My father, I am ſick of many ſorrows,
'Ev'n now my eaſy heart is breaking with 'em;
'Yet, above all, one fear diſtracts me moſt;'
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithleſs, lovely, dear Caliſta.

*Sci.* Haſt thou not read what brave Virginius did?
With his own hand he ſlew his only daughter,
To ſave her from the fierce Decemvir's luſt.
He ſlew her yet unſpotted, to prevent
The ſhame which ſhe might know. Then what ſhould I do?
But thou haſt ty'd my hand.——I wo'hot kill her;
Yet, by the ruin ſhe has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She ſha'not 'ſcape.

*Alt.* You mean that ſhe ſhall die then?

*Sci.* Aſk me not what, nor how I have reſolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh, Altamont! what a vaſt ſcheme of joy
Has this one day deſtroy'd? Well did I hope
This daughter would have bleſt my latter days;
That I ſhould live to ſee you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
While I, from buſy life and care ſet free,
Had ſpent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man, talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and ſlept in peace. Inſtead of this,

Sorrow

Sorrow and ſhame muſt bring me to my grave—
'Oh! damn her! damn her!'

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Ser.* Arm yourſelf, my lord;
Roſſano, who but now eſcap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the ſtreet a band of rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your friends, with ruin,
Unleſs Lothario be return'd in ſafety. [*Exit.*

*Sci.* By Heav'n their fury riſes to my wiſh,
Nor ſhall misfortune know my houſe alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, ſhall pay me
For all the ſorrows which my age is curſt with,
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the ſtate; all ſhall be ſummon'd;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full, and arm'd, we ſhall expect thy ſword
To join with us, and ſacrifice to juſtice.— [*Exit.*

'*Alt.* There is a ſtupid weight upon my ſenſes;
'A diſmal, ſullen ſtilneſs, that ſucceeds
'The ſtorm of rage and grief, like ſilent death,
'After the tumult and the noiſe of life.
'Wou'd it were death, as ſure 'tis wondrous like it,
'For I am ſick of living; my ſoul's pall'd,
'She kindles not with anger or revenge:
'Love was th' informing, active fire within:
'Now that is quench'd, the maſs forgets to move,
'And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.'

[*A tumultuous noiſe, with claſhing of ſwords as at a little diſtance.*

*Enter* LAVINIA *with two Servants, their ſwords drawn.*

*Lav.* Fly, ſwiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid,
Nor loſe your vain officious cares on me;
Bring me my lord, my huſband, to my arms;
He is Lavinia's life; bring him me ſafe,
And I ſhall be at eaſe, be well and happy.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

*Alt.* Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand
Could wrong thy poor, defenceleſs innocence,
And leave ſuch marks of more than ſavage fury?
*Lav.* My brother! Oh, my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds.——
Not far from hence, as paſſing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were ſurrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted ſwords,
And cry'd aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldneſs, ſtood the ſhock,
To ſhelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace,
Ruſh'd out and ſnatch'd me from amidſt the fray.
*Alt.* What of my friend?
*Lav.* Ha! by my joys 'tis he, [*Looking out.*
He lives, he comes to bleſs me, he is ſafe!—

*Enter* HORATIO, *with two or three Servants, their ſwords drawn.*

1 *Ser.* 'Twere at the utmoſt hazard of your life
To venture forth again, till we are ſtronger:
Their number trebles ours.
*Hor.* No matter, let it;
Death is not half ſo ſhocking as that traitor,
My honeſt ſoul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainneſs could be ſo abus'd,
As to miſtake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the ſight.
*Alt.* Open, thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark boſom,
To hide me from Horatio.
*Hor.* Oh, Lavinia!
Believe not but I joy to ſee thee ſafe:
Would our ill fortune had not drove us hither:
I could ev'n wiſh we rather had been wreck'd
On any other ſhore, than ſav'd on this.
*Lav.* Oh, let us bleſs the mercy that preſerv'd us,
That gracious pow'r that ſav'd us for each other;
And, to adorn the ſacrifice of praiſe,
Offer forgiveneſs too; be thou like Heav'n,

And

And put away th' offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.
' *Alt.* I have mark'd him,
' To ſee if one forgiving glance ſtole hither;
' If any ſpark of friendſhip were alive,
' That would by ſympathy, at meeting glow,
' And ſtrive to kindle up the flame anew;
' 'Tis loſt, 'tis gone; his ſoul is quite eſtrang'd,
' And knows me for its counterpart no more.
' *Hor.* Thou know'ſt thy rule, thy empire in Horatio.
' Nor canſt thou aſk in vain, command in vain,
' Where nature, reaſon, nay, where love is judge;
' But when you urge my temper to comply
' With what it moſt abhors, I cannot do it.
' *Lav.* Where didſt thou get this ſullen gloomy hate?
' It was not in thy nature to be thus;
' Come put it off, and let thy heart be chearful,
' Be gay again, and know the joys of friendſhip,
' The truſt, ſecurity, and mutual tenderneſs,
' The double joys, where each is glad for both;
' Friendſhip, the wealth, the laſt retreat and ſtrength,
' Secure againſt ill fortune and the world.'
*Hor.* I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient to the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouſes my reſentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own, I cannot eaſily forgive it.
*Alt.* Thou haſt forgot me.
*Hor.* No.
*Alt.* Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, ſcornful and fierce?
*Hor.* Becauſe they ſpeak the meaning of my heart;
Becauſe they are honeſt, and diſdain a villain.
*Alt.* I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.
*Hor.* True, thou haſt;
When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyſelf, a falſe, perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, Britiſh huſband.
*Alt.* I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd it,

I have not, ſince we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy ſincere; 'our broken friendſhip
'Purſu'd me to the laſt retreat of love,
'Stood glaring, like a ghoſt, and made me cold with horror.
'Misfortunes on misfortunes preſs upon me,
'Swell o'er my head, like waves, and daſh me down;
'Sorrow, remorſe, and ſhame have torn my ſoul;
'They hang like winter on my youthful hopes,
'And blaſt the ſpring and promiſe of my year.'
*Lav.* 'So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a grave,
'To loſe their freſhneſs amongſt bones and rottenneſs,
'And have their odours ſtifled in the duſt.'
Canſt thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio?
Canſt thou behold thy Altamont undone?
'That gentle, that dear youth! canſt thou behold him,'
His poor heart broken, death in his pale viſage,
And groaning out his woes, yet ſtand unmov'd?
*Hor.* The brave and wiſe I pity in misfortune;
But when ingratitude and folly ſuffers,
'Tis weakneſs to be touch'd.
*Alt.* I wo'not aſk thee
To pity or forgive me; but confeſs,
This ſcorn, this inſolence of hate is juſt;
'Tis conſtancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding ſoftneſs in my heart
Cou'd ne'er have ſtood it out; but I had ran,
With ſtreaming eyes, and open arms, upon thee,
And preſt thee cloſe, cloſe!
*Hor.* I muſt hear no more,
Thy weakneſs is contagious; I ſhall catch it,
And be a tame, fond wretch.
*Lav.* Where wou'dſt thou go?
Wou'dſt thou part thus? You ſha'not, 'tis impoſſible;
For I will bar thy paſſage, kneeling thus.
Perhaps thy cruel hand may ſpurn me off,
But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou ſhalt trample o'er my faithful boſom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me ere thou paſs.
*Alt.* Urge not in vain thy pious ſuit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.

Caliſta,

Caliſta, thou hadſt reach'd my heart before;
To make all ſure, my friend repeats the blow;
But in the grave our cares ſhall be forgotten,
There love and friendſhip ceaſe. [*Falls.*

[Lavinia *runs to him, and endeavours to raiſe him.*

'*Lav.* Speak to me, Altamont.
'He faints! he dies! now turn and ſee thy triumph!
'My brother! but our cares ſhall end together;
'Here will I lay me down by thy dear ſide,
'Bemoan thy too hard fate, then ſhare it with thee,
'And never ſee my cruel lord again.'

[Horatio *runs to* Altamont *and raiſes him in his arms.*

*Hor.* It is too much to bear! look up, my Altamont!
My ſtubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
'Look up and bleſs me, tell me that thou liv'ſt.
'Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleneſs too far;
[*He revives.*
'Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;'
A flood of tenderneſs comes o'er my ſoul;
I cannot ſpeak—I love, forgive, and pity thee.—

*Alt.* I thought that nothing could have ſtay'd my ſoul,
That long ere this her flight had reach'd the ſtars;
But thy known voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks I fain would ſet all right with thee,
Make up this moſt unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heav'n's forgiveneſs on my ſoul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at eaſe for ever.

*Hor.* By Heav'n, my heart bleeds for thee; ev'n this moment
I feel thy pangs of diſappointed love.
'Is it not pity that this youth ſhould fall,
'That all his wondrous goodneſs ſhould be loſt,
'And the world never know it? oh, my Altamont!'
Give me thy ſorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And ſhelter thee from ruin.

*Lav.* Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will ſhare in all thy woes,
We'll ſit all day and tell ſad tales of love:
And when we light upon ſome faithleſs woman,

Some beauty, like Caliſta, falſe and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complainings there;
We'll curſe the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone.
[*Exeunt.*

---

## ACT V.

SCENE, *A room hung with black; on one ſide* Lothario's *body on a bier; on the other a table with a ſcull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.*

CALISTA *is diſcovered on a couch in black; her hair hanging looſe and diſordered. After ſoft muſic ſhe riſes and comes forward.*

### 'SONG.

I.

'HEAR, you midnight phantoms, hear,
'You who pale and wan appear,
'And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;
'You, who wander, ſcream and groan
'Round the manſions once your own;
'You, who ſtill your crimes upbraid;
'You, who reſt not with the dead;
'From the coverts where you ſtray,
'Where you lurk and ſhun the day,
'From the charnel and the tomb,
'Hither haſte ye, hither come.

II.

'Chide Caliſta for delay,
'Tell her 'tis for her you ſtay;
'Bid her die and come away.
'See the ſexton with his ſpade,
'See the grave already made;
'Liſten, fair one, to thy knell,
'This muſic is thy paſſing bell.'

Cal.

*Cal.* 'Tis well! theſe ſolemn ſounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my ſoul.
Here's room for meditation e'en to madneſs,
'Till the mind burſt with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the ſocket. Sure the book was left
To tell me ſomething;——for inſtruction then——
He teaches holy ſorrow and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art, then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;
[*Throwing away the book.*
I have more real anguiſh in my heart,
Than all their pedant diſcipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for theſe bones?
Fie! this is pageantry;—they look uncoothly.
But what of that, if he or ſhe that own'd 'em,
Safe from diſquiet ſit, and ſmile to ſee
The farce their miſerable reliques play?
But here's a ſight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,
That dear perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and thoſe dead eyes!
Aſcend, ye ghoſts, fantaſtic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful ſhapes aſcend,
And match the preſent horror, if you can!

*Enter* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* This dead of night, this ſilent hour of darkneſs,
Nature for reſt ordain'd, and ſoft repoſe;
And yet diſtraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
'The ſenate, weak, divided, and irreſolute,
'Want pow'r to ſuccour the afflicted ſtate.
'Vainly in words and long debates they're wiſe,
'While the fierce factions ſcorn their peaceful orders,
'And drown the voice of law in noiſe and anarchy.'
Amidſt the general wreck, ſee where ſhe ſtands,
[*Pointing to* Caliſta.
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was ſack'd,
Spectatreſs of the miſchief which ſhe made.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* It is Sciolto! Be thyſelf, my ſoul;
Be ſtrong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may ſee thou art not loſt ſo far,
But ſomewhat ſtill of his great ſpirit lives
In the forlorn Caliſta.
*Sci.* Thou wert once
My daughter.
*Cal.* Happy were it I had dy'd,
And never loſt that name.
*Sci.* That's ſomething yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too ſhort to gaze upon thee,
That all the bleſſings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my fondneſs to beſtow;
Why didſt thou turn to folly, then, and curſe me?
*Cal.* Becauſe my ſoul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor, imperfect copy of my father,
'Where goodneſs, and the ſtrength of manly virtue,
'Was thinly planted, and the idle void
'Fill'd up with light belief, and eaſy fondneſs;'
It was becauſe I lov'd, and was a woman.
*Sci.* Hadſt thou been honeſt, thou hadſt been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long loſt,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Haſt thou ere dar'd to meditate on death?
*Cal.* I have, as on the end of ſhame and ſorrow.
*Sci.* Ha! anſwer me! ſay, haſt thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the ſtoic's leſſons got by rote,
The pomp of words and pedant diſſertations,
That can ſuſtain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they ſtand aghaſt;
Haſt thou conſider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may ſtand, and what to anſwer?
*Cal.* I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myſelf,
Where ſoul offence and ſhame have laid all waſte;
Therefore my ſoul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find ſome better place of reſt.
*Sci.* 'Tis juſtly thought, and worthy of that ſpirit,
That dwelt in antient Latian breaſts, when Rome

Was

Was miſtreſs of the world. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my purpoſe, but it ſticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.
*Cal.* Then ſpare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poignard here.
*Sci.* Oh! truly gueſs'd—ſeeſt thou, this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice juſtice urg'd—and thrice the ſlack'ning ſinews
Forgot their office, and confeſs'd the father.
At length the ſtubborn virtue has prevail'd,
It muſt, it muſt be ſo—Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the dagger.*
And know the reſt untaught.
*Cal.* I underſtand you.
It is but thus, and both are ſatisfy'd.
[*She offers to kill herſelf,* Sciolto *catches hold of her arm.*
*Sci.* A moment, give me yet a moment's ſpace,
The ſtern, the rigid Judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but ſpare my eyes
The moſt unnatural ſight, leſt their ſtrings crack,
My old brain ſplit, and I grow mad with horror.
*Cal.* Ha! is it poſſible; and is there yet
Some little, dear remain of love and tenderneſs
For poor, undone Caliſta, in your heart?
*Sci.* Oh! when I think what pleaſure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'ſt me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy ſprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How I have ſtood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then lifting up my hands, and wond'ring, bleſt thee;
By my ſtrong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me;
I could curſe nature, and that tyrant honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter ſtill.
*Cal.* For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bleſs you for this goodneſs.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,

Shortens

Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.
*Sci.* Would it were otherwiſe—but thou muſt die.—
*Cal.* That I muſt die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
'Thither, the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
'Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.'
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre ſhade; here let me breathe my laſt,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveneſs,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And ſung a requiem to my parting ſoul.
*Sci.* I'm ſummon'd hence, ere this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of ſad preſage,
That tells me, I ſhall never ſee thee more;
If it be ſo, this is our laſt farewel,
And theſe the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguiſh rends the heart-ſtrings———Oh, my daughter! [*Exit.*
*Cal.* Now think, thou curſt Caliſta, now behold
The deſolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly ſpread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak, imperfect natures,
How blind with paſſions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too ſtrict enquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r:
Cheap recompence! here 'twou'd not be receiv'd,
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanſe the ſoul from inbred, deep pollution.
And ſee, another injur'd wretch is come,
To call for juſtice from my tardy hand.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou houſe of death!
And thou, the lovely miſtreſs of theſe ſhades,
Whoſe beauty guilds the more than midnight darkneſs,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee,

I'll

I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the ſtream, and weep for both.

*Cal.* I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont;
Thou com'ſt to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I ſtand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to ſet me free
From ſhame and thy upbraiding.

*Alt.* Falſely, falſely
Doſt thou accuſe me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? 'For thee I have
'Forgot the temper of Italian huſbands,
'And fondneſs has prevail'd upon revenge.'
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
'As holy men do puniſhment from Heav'n;'
Nor thought it hard, becauſe it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loſs,
To wiſh ſome better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Caliſta had been mine, and true.

*Cal.* Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for ſouls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiſs.
But, oh, behold! my proud, diſdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderneſs, and love;
'Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,'
That, were I not abandon'd to deſtruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bleſt,
And dy'd in peace within thy faithful arms.

*Alt.* Then happineſs is ſtill within our reach.
Here let remembrance loſe our paſt misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal ſtory;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long ſucceſſive order.

*Cal.* What! in death?

*Alt.* Then, art thou fix'd to die?—But be it ſo;
We'll go together; my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee 'to thoſe uncertain beings.
'Whether our lifeleſs ſhades are doom'd to wander
'In gloomy groves, with diſcontented ghoſts;
'Or whether thro' the upper air we fleet,
'And tread the fields of light; ſtill I'll purſue thee,'
Till fate ordains that we ſhall part no more.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Oh, no! Heav'n has ſome other better lot in ſtore
To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long;
Live, for ſome maid that ſhall deſerve thy goodneſs,
Some kind, unpractis'd heart, that never yet
Has liſt'ned to the falſe ones of thy ſex,
Nor known the arts of ours; ſhe ſhall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with ſweetneſs, beauty, and with truth;
Be bleſt in thee alone, and thou in her.

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Now, mourn indeed, ye miſerable pair;
For now the meaſure of your woes is full.
*Alt.* What doſt thou mean, Horatio?
*Hor.* Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.
*Cal.* My father!
*Alt.* That's a deadly ſtroke, indeed.
*Hor.* Not long ago, he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and thoſe unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and ſtrait purſu'd him;
But found him compaſs'd by Lothario's faction,
Almoſt alone, amidſt a crowd of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that his frantic valour had provok'd
The death he ſeem'd to wiſh for from their ſwords.
*Cal.* And doſt thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Doſt thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly hoſt of ſtars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I ſhall blaſt you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature ſickens at me. Reſt, thou world,
This parricide ſhall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus, I ſet thee free. [*Stabs herſelf.*
*Hor.* Oh, fatal raſhneſs!
*Alt.* Thou doſt inſtruct me well. To lengthen life
Is but to trifle now.

[Altamont *offers to kill himſelf*; Horatio *prevents him, and wreſts his ſword from him.*

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Ha! what means
The frantic Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breath'd on ev'ry breaſt contagious fury,
And epidemic madneſs.

*Enter* SCIOLTO, *pale and bloody, ſupported by ſervants.*

*Cal.* Oh, my heart!
Well may'ſt thou fail, for ſee, the ſpring that fed
Thy vital ſtream is waſted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at laſt, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your ſuff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my ſhame and thoſe wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bleſs me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode?

*Sci.* Alas, my daughter!
Thou haſt raſhly ventur'd in a ſtormy ſea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and loſt;
But ſure thou haſt borne thy part in all the anguiſh,
And ſmarted with the pain. Then, reſt in peace:
Let ſilence and oblivion hide thy name,
And ſave thee from the malice of poſterity;
And may'ſt thou find with Heav'n the ſame forgiveneſs,
As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

*Cal.* Celeſtial ſounds! Peace dawns upon my ſoul,
And ev'ry pain grows leſs.—Oh! gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me:—Had I but early known
Thy wondrous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleaſure to behold thee;
Thou art their laſt dear object——Mercy, Heav'n!
[*She dies.*

*Alt.* Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd,
But lovely ſtill, Hadſt thou a thouſand faults,
What heart ſo hard, what virtue ſo ſevere,
But at that beauty muſt of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveneſs?

*Sci.* Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont.
Come near, and let me bleſs thee, ere I die.

To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
My fortunes——Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory, as thou haſt his;
For thou haſt been my ſon—Oh, gracious Heav'n!
Thou that haſt endleſs bleſſings ſtill in ſtore
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, diſgrace, and want be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head.
Let honour, greatneſs, goodneſs, ſtill be with him,
And peace in all his ways. [*He dies.*

*Alt.* Take, take it all:
To thee, Horatio, I reſign the gift,
While I purſue my father, and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave.

*Hor.* The ſtorm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.
By ſuch examples, are we taught to prove
The ſorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or ſome worſe misfortune, ſoon divide
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride.
If you would have the nuptial union laſt,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it faſt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

*YOU ſee the tripping dame cou'd find no favour;*
*Dearly ſhe paid for breach of good behaviour;*
*Nor could her loving huſband's fondneſs ſave her.*
*Italian ladies lead but ſcurvy lives,*
*There's dreadful dealing with eloping wives:*
*Thus 'tis, becauſe theſe huſbands are obey'd*
*By force of laws, which for themſelves they made.*
*With tales of old preſcriptions, they confine*
*The right of marriage-rules to their male line,*
*And huff, and domineer by right divine.*
*Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know*
*What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe;*
*We'd teach the ſaunt'ring ſquire, who loves to roam,*
*Forgetful of his own dear ſpouſe at home;*
*Who ſnores, at night, ſupinely by her ſide;*
*'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.*
*The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,*
*Have learn'd, at leaſt, this modern way of wit.*
*Each ill-bred, ſenſeleſs rogue, tho' ne'er ſo dull,*
*Has the impudence to think his wife a fool;*
*He ſpends the night where merry wags reſort,*
*With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;*
*While ſhe, poor ſoul, 's contented to regale,*
*By a ſad ſea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.*
*Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,*
*And fill an abſent huſband's empty place.*
*If you wou'd e'er bring conſtancy in faſhion,*
*You men muſt firſt begin the reformation.*
*Then ſhall the golden age of love return,*
*No turtle for her wand'ring mate ſhall mourn;*
*No foreign charms ſhall cauſe domeſtic ſtrife,*
*But ev'ry married man ſhall toaſt his wife;*
*Phillis ſhall not be to the country ſent,*
*For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;*
*Lampoons ſhall ceaſe, and envious ſcandal die,*
*And all ſhall live in peace, like my good man and I.*